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Sources of History.

HISTORY is a record of past events. *Sacred* history is the account that is given us in the Bible; this furnishes the only authentic history of the creation of the world and the things that immediately happened. It is the only book that tells us of Adam and Eve; of

Cain and Abel; of the tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues; of the flood of waters; of Noah and his family; of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; of David and Solomon; and generally of the Jewish nation, and the way of salvation to man, through a Redeemer.

Profane history means that which is written by men, in distinction from sacred history, which is written by the inspiration of God. Profane history, when it would tell us of the early ages of the world, has a great mixture of fable, and is very uncertain in its representations. This is the fact with the history of Greece. It is chiefly furnished by the poets, who picked up stories handed down by tradition, and embellished them with fictions of their own. Thus they heard marvellous tales about a man called Jupiter, that lived in remote ages; and was celebrated alike for his wisdom, for his extensive possessions, and the influence he exercised over the people around him. Well, the poets began to weave up stories about Jupiter: one said he did this, another said he did that. So they went on, each trying to exceed the other, in some wonderful tale of this wonderful man.

The people listened eagerly to these stories; and thus encouraged, the poets went on composing songs and ballads, until they had made out Jupiter to be a god who lived in Mount Olympus, manufacturing thunder and lightning, ruling over the land and the sea, controlling the seasons, swaying mankind, and governing the whole troop of gods and goddesses throughout the world. This is the way the fiction of Jupiter was devised and executed, and may serve as a hint at the means by which the whole mythology of Egypt, Greece and Rome, was fabricated.

Thus it is that nearly all the earlier portions of profane history are to be regarded as doubtful. There are, indeed, certain portions of it, which may be received as true; such, for instance, as are derived from monuments now existing, and bearing certain inscriptions. There are in Egypt, in Greece, in various parts of Asia and Europe, very ancient pyramids, obelisks, and edifices, bearing in-

scriptions or carvings, either of writings or pictorial representations, which furnish us with dates, facts, and occurrences serving to establish epochs, or great events, thus giving consistency and certainty to the leading features of history. It is in this way that the framework of the more ancient parts of history is made out and established; and so much may be deemed worthy of credit. Most of the details and lesser incidents, such as the extraordinary feats of individuals, the extravagant numbers said to be engaged in particular battles; and, in short, all the more marvellous portions of ancient history, are to be deemed entire fictions, or poetic embellishments and exaggerations.

Among the most interesting of ancient remains, which contribute to make out the story of mankind, are the paintings recently discovered in the chambers of the ruins of ancient Thebes, in Egypt. These tell us, without leaving room for doubt, how the Egyptians dressed themselves; what they ate and drank; how they broiled, boiled, and fried; how they combed their heads and arrayed their hair; how they slept; how they amused themselves; what armor they had in battle; how they fought; how they worshipped—and, indeed, how they lived and felt, and thought and acted. Of these curious and interesting witnesses, we have given some account in the earlier portions of *Merry's Museum*.

Besides these paintings, the hieroglyphics, or picture writings of the Egyptians, graven on obelisks, and other monuments, afford great aid to the historians. When Bonaparte went with a French army to Egypt, he took a great many learned men with him. These looked at these hieroglyphics with intense interest and curiosity, and longed to find out the means of reading them—for this art had not then been discov-

ered. These persons were infidels, and not believing the Bible, they wished to be able to prove it untrue. "If we could read these inscriptions," said they, as they stood before the hieroglyphics upon the monuments of Thebes, "if we could read these, we could prove the Old Testament to be false."

After a few years, a very ingenious Frenchman, by the name of Champollion, went to Egypt and studied profoundly into these mysterious hieroglyphics. At last he happened to hit upon the art of reading some of them, and was thus able to make out their meaning. The result has been very different from what the French philosophers supposed; for, instead of exploding the Scriptures, these Egyptian writings afford very strong additional evidence of their truth.

Another satisfactory source of authentic history, is afforded by the remains of Greek sculptures, found upon the ancient temples. Many of these have been carried to London and deposited in museums, where they have been very thoroughly examined, thus furnishing rich materials for the historian. Other sculptures, particularly statues, have been discovered in Greece, which furnish many interesting facts.

The coins that are found in different parts of the world, have contributed not a little to give certainty to portions of ancient history, particularly that of Rome. In Europe there are antiquarians who have devoted whole lives and ample fortunes to the collecting of coins. For a scarce coin, even of copper, and of itself not worth as much as one cent, hundreds of dollars have often been paid, merely because it was very rare. In some of the European collections, there are complete, or nearly complete, sets of coins of all the emperors of Rome; and as these have the likenesses of the emperors upon them, we have handed down to us, the image and

superscription of every one of these successors of the Cæsars.

Besides these sources of history, we have the writings, either perfect or in part, of several ancient authors. Among the Greeks are Aristotle and Plato, who were philosophers; Homer, the greatest of poets; Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, historians. Among the Egyptians, Ptolemy, the greatest of the ancient astronomers, and the father of geography. Among the Romans, we have Cornelius Nepos, Cæsar, Livy, and Sallust, historians; Plutarch, a biographer, and many others in different branches of literature.

Rome, in its days of glory, had extended her conquests over the most civilized and populous portions of the world. Indeed, she stretched her authority on every side, and brought under her dominion nearly every portion of the known world. All Europe was subject to her sway; all Africa, contiguous to the Mediterranean Sea; all the middle, western and northern portions of Asia. Over these vast dominions her armies marched, and her messengers passed to and fro. The art of writing was then extensively practised, and though printing was unknown, still the means of communicating and diffusing exact knowledge were possessed in all parts of the extended empire. This period of Roman history, therefore, abounded in materials for history.

But in the fifth century of the Christian era, Rome fell, a dismembered edifice, and its trampled ruins were parcelled out and possessed by barbarians. Her arts and her literature were, for a time, buried in the mighty wreck. It was left to the priests in the monasteries, during the dark ages, to delve and dig out these literary treasures. To them we are indebted for preserving nearly all that remains.

In 1444, the art of printing

vented; the art of multiplying records and copies of human writings. This is the art of arts; the triumph of human skill; the greatest civilizer of society. In the next number I shall give a

sketch of the discovery and progress of the art of printing, with a portrait of its inventor, and attempt to set forth some of the effects which have resulted from it.

Something about Government.

In the earlier numbers of our Museum, we have told the story of Philip Brusque, the main purpose of which was to show the necessity of some government in society, to ensure peace, order and justice. Mr. Robinson, of New York, has just published a book for schools and families, entitled "The

Young American; or Book of Government and Law; showing their history, origin, nature and necessity." I here insert two chapters of the work, to show that all persons are interested in government, and that all young persons ought to be instructed on this subject, as one of the greatest importance.



The thief.

THE LAW IS EVERYWHERE.

When children are sufficiently advanced, they go forth from the parental roof, and whether in the field, the forest, or the street, they find that everywhere there is government and law.

If a child sees ripe fruit in a neighbor's garden, he sets out to get it, but is immediately told that he must not. He asks why he must not get it, and is answered that it is against the law. A boy is about to throw down a stone wall around a field, and is told he must not, because it is against the law. A

young fellow wishes to ride into a neighbor's field of grain, but he must not, for it is against the law.

A young person, in reading a newspaper, sees an account of a man who is seized and hurried away to prison for theft, and learns that thieving is forbidden by the law. In another paper the reader finds an account of some pirates being hung, because they robbed a vessel upon the high seas, and this, too, because such robbery is against the law.

Thus the law is seen to be everywhere, upon the land and the sea, in town and country; and the question soon arises

who makes the law? The answer to this is readily given; it is the government? But what is the government? Who is it, what is it, that has spread this net-work of prohibition and requisition over the land, involving every member of society in its meshes? Who administers the government? Who makes the government? By what means or instruments does the government operate? Why do people obey the government? How does it acquire such universal and decisive power?

To some or perhaps all of these questions, which, one after another, arise in

the mind, young persons gradually obtain answers; but these are usually imperfect and confused. I propose, therefore, to proceed to describe government, its origin, nature, and necessity; its various forms in different parts of the world, and especially that form adopted in our own country.

In the course of this delineation of government, I shall have occasion to exhibit the origin and sources of laws; the manner of their enactment; and the means by which they are made to regulate the conduct of mankind.



EQUALITY.

As some persons have fancied that society could realize a state of absolute liberty, so some have fancied that a state of *absolute equality* could be attained. It is said in our Declaration of Independence, that "all mankind are created equal;" and this has often been taken as literally true.

But absolute equality is as impossible as absolute liberty. In the first place, mankind are not born equal in respect to civil condition. Some, as the serfs of Russia, are born slaves; in this country too, in some of the states, certain individuals are born to servitude, while others are born to enjoy freedom.

There are other grounds of inherent and necessary inequality. One person is born with a good constitution; another is sickly from the cradle. One person is endowed with a strong mind, another with a weak one. One person is gifted with beauty, another with deformity. One has natural grace, another awkwardness.

The surface of the earth, thrown into hills and valleys, with mountains whose tops mingle with the clouds, and ravines that never see the sunlight—meadows that bloom with flowers, and deserts that know no living thing—plains and sloping hills, covered with forests—and rocky regions where no tree can root itself—all this diversity of nature presents not more

inequality than the conditions in which mankind are born. The whole system of nature and providence, shows it to be the Design of the Creator and moral governor, that there shall be diversity in human society, as well as in nature.

Beside, even in those countries where there is the greatest freedom, and the nearest approach to equality in society, even there, mankind are neither born free nor equal, in the view of the law. If we take no account of slaves, still the children of white persons are not born free; they are under the control of their parents till they are twenty-one years old.

Females, who constitute a part of mankind, and whose natural rights are the same as those of men, are never placed on an equality with men before the law. They are never permitted, even in forming the constitution of a country, nor in enacting the laws, nor in choosing rulers, to use the right of voting. They are excluded from all share in the government, by the stronger sex, who proceed to make such laws as they please; and in all countries these laws exclude woman from political power.

It appears, therefore, that mankind are not born free and equal, in a literal sense. In what sense, then, can it be truly said that men are created equal? Only as meaning that all the members of society are born with a just claim to civil liberty—to that freedom which is compatible with the general good, and to an equality of rights. It means to say that those laws which make one man a lord and another a serf—which make one a citizen and debar another, in the same condition, from the right of voting—are violations of the principles of justice and the rights of man.

While, therefore, equality of condition is out of the question, one thing is plain,—that equal rights, equal laws, and an

equal administration of these laws—so that the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, the citizen and the officeholder, shall all stand on the same footing—are the ends and designs of a good government; and every person should so use his power as to establish such ends and designs. Equality does not mean that a woman shall be equal to a man, or a child the same as a man; but that all women, all children, all citizens, shall enjoy the same relative rights, privileges, and immunities.

A BOY LOST. A few years ago, a boy, who was sent upon some errand on a cold winter's night, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when the snow fell so thick, and drifted in such a manner, that he missed his way, and continued to wander up and down for several hours nearly perished with cold. At midnight, a gentleman in the neighborhood thought he heard a sound, but could not imagine what it was, until, opening his window, he distinguished a human voice at a great distance, pronouncing, in a piteous tone, "Lost! lost! lost!" Humanity induced the gentleman to send out in search of the person from whom the voice proceeded, when, after a long search, the poor boy was found nearly benumbed with cold. Happy was it for him that he knew his danger, that he cried for help, and that his cry was heard!

ARITHMETIC. A woman, upon being asked how old her husband was when he died, gave the following arithmetical answer: "I was nineteen years old when my poor mother died; my mother has been dead just twenty-four years last Bradford fair, and my husband was thirteen years older than I am." Can my young friends tell me how old he was?

Anecdotes of Storks.

THERE are great numbers of these birds in the south of Russia. Before migrating, which they always do at the approach of winter, they assemble from all parts, and kill the young ones that are not strong enough to accompany them in their long flight. This characteristic is remarkable, and in strong contrast to the affection they generally display towards their young. Of this, the following anecdote, related to me by a merchant of my acquaintance, is an example.

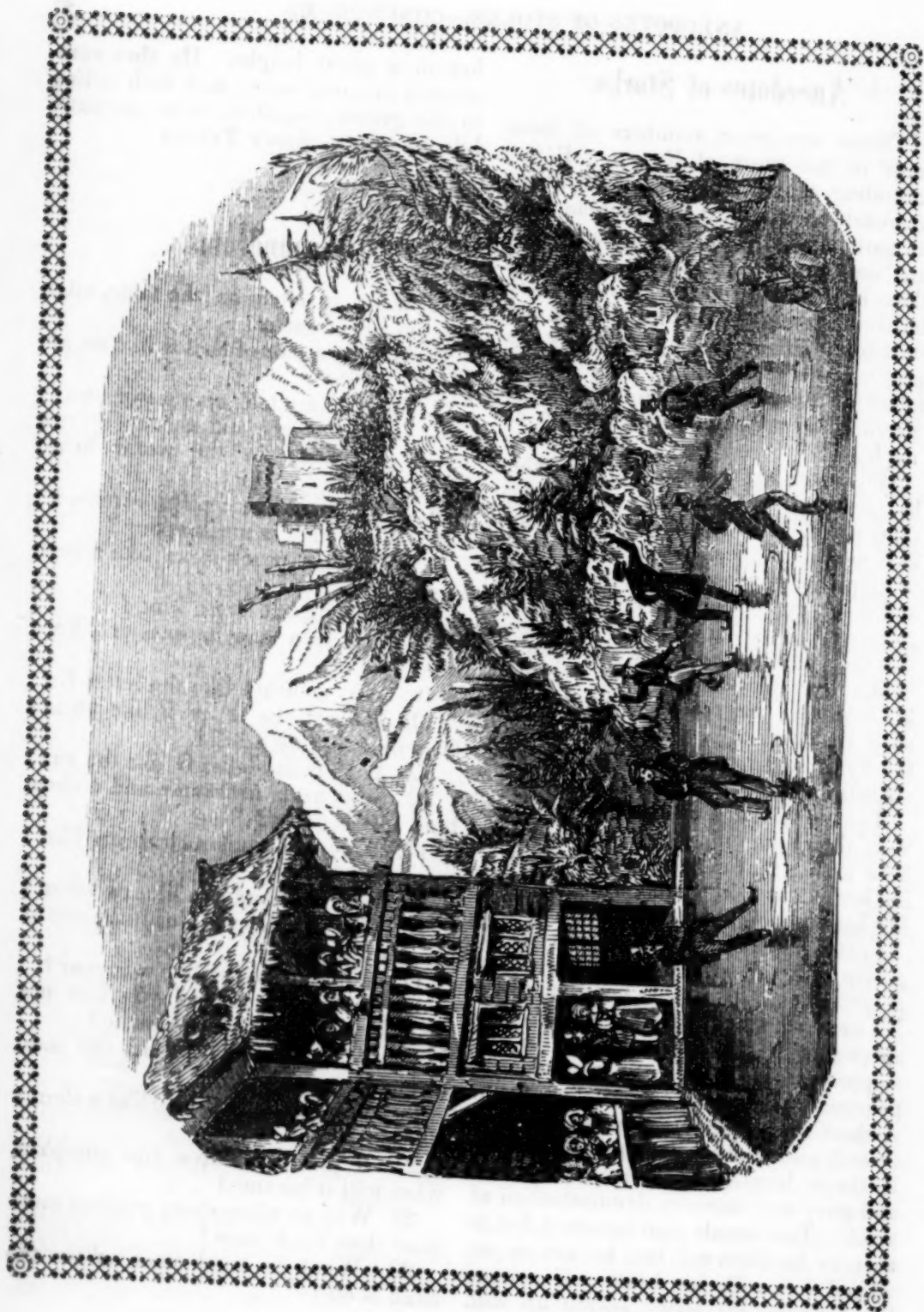
He was on his way to Kharkoff, when he observed, one evening, several peasants assembled around something in a field near a village. Ordering the driver to stop, he alighted from his carriage, and went up to them to see what was going on. Arriving at the spot, he found that they were looking at two dead storks which were lying on the grass, and upon his inquiring the reason of their taking such an interest in these birds, one of the bystanders gave him the following singular account.

The storks had a nest in the field they were then lying in. The hen bird had been sitting that morning; and the male left her as usual in search of food. During his absence, the female, either with the same intention, or to have a bit of gossip with some of the other storks in the neighborhood, also took her departure. No sooner had she left her nest, than a species of hawk, very common in the steppes, seeing the eggs unprotected, pounced upon them and sucked them. A short time after this, the male bird returned, and finding the eggs destroyed, he threw himself down upon the shells, and gave way to every demonstration of grief. The female also returned, but as soon as he observed her, he ran up, attacked her with his beak, and seizing her between his claws, scared up with

her to a great height. He then compressed his own wings, and both falling to the ground together, were instantly killed!—*Capt. Jesse's Travels.*

Conundrums.

1. What is often on the table, often cut, but never eaten?
2. Why is a pair of skates like an apple?
3. Why do we look over a stone wall?
4. In what place did the cock crow when everybody in the world heard him?
5. Why is sin like a picture-frame?
6. What wine is mock agony?
7. Why is a peach-stone like a regiment?
8. Why is a bat like a king?
9. Why is a dancing-master like a tree?
10. Why is death like the letter E?
11. Why is the letter P like uncle's fat wife going up a hill?
12. Why is the letter G like the sun?
13. Why are a fisherman and a shepherd like beggars?
14. Why is a woman churning like a caterpillar?
15. Why is a madman like two men?
16. Why is a drop of blood like one of Scott's novels?
17. Why is a baker like a beggar?
18. If I kiss you and you kiss me, what kind of riddle do we make?
19. Whose best works are the most trampled on?
20. Why is a button-hole like a cloudy sky?
21. If you throw up a ripe pumpkin, what will it become?
22. Why do white sheep produce more wool than black ones?
23. What is handsomer when the head is off?



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Artificial Ice for Skating.

ONE of the most interesting places of amusement in London is the Colosseum. This is an immense edifice, which looks, as you approach it, like a Grecian temple covered with a vast dome.

The purpose of this building is to exhibit spectacles and scenes of various kinds, such as views of famous cities and interesting places, in all parts of the world. The effect is produced partly by painting, and partly by machinery, and the management of the light that is let in through the dome. It is scarcely possible for any person not to be completely deceived by these exhibitions; they are so natural, so truthful and life-like, that the spectator is irresistibly made to feel that he looks upon a reality and not a picture.

The spectators—such as desire it—are taken into a small circular room, which is prepared with seats; this is so contrived as to rise slowly, and imperceptibly to those who are in it, which makes the scene itself appear to change. By this contrivance, the effect of sunrise and evening, upon the landscape, are produced to admiration.

Sometimes amusing scenes occur at the place, on account of the circular room. Not long since a young fellow, from the country, came with his sweetheart, to London, and of course they must go to the Colosseum. In they went, and the girl, desirous to see the best of it, pressed forward into the circular room; John, being left a little behind. Just at that moment, the circular room began to rise, but neither the youth nor the girl noticed it till it had ascended to the height of ten feet—they were so absorbed with the spectacle before them.

At last the girl perceived the ascending motion—and, looking down, beheld her lover, far beneath. Filled with the

awful idea of the tricks upon travellers that she had heard of as practised by the Londoners, she immediately fancied that it was a case of kidnapping or abduction, equal to any in the tales of the Arabian Nights. Therefore, spreading forth her beseeching arms, and bending over toward her lover, in a mingled tone of tenderness and terror, she exclaimed—"John! John! John! John!"

The faithful heart of the swain felt that these sounds could come from no one but Hannah—his Hannah! He looked around in amazement; but saw her not. Yet, as he thought very *highly* of her, and deemed her almost an angel, it was not difficult for him, as the sounds plainly came from *above*, to seek her in that direction. He turned his eyes upward, and there she was, sure enough, going it—"John! John! John!"

It is singular how differently terror affects women from what it does men. The former are usually rendered more eloquent by its influence—while the latter are often reduced to silence. So it was with our hero now. Deeply impressed with the wonderful event,—his fair friend ascending to the skies, while he stood still upon the earth,—his mind agonized at the idea of separation, and a thousand creeping fears rushing through his heart at the recollection that they were in that wild wilderness—London—so dangerous to wandering love-lorn lasses; thinking and feeling all this, still John said not a word. Insensible to the shout of laughter that burst from the two audiences, the one above and the one below—he gazed and gazed, and said nothing. At last, some one who was standing near, explained the matter to him, and the ladies above, pacified Hannah. So this part of the exhibition was closed.

Among the spectacles of the Colosseum, there was a very interesting one representing the scenery of the Alps in

Switzerland. This exhibited the snow-covered mountains; the craggy cliffs topped with the cottages of the Swiss villagers; the dark and deep ravines, shadowed with evergreen trees; and the sparkling rivulets, leaping down the rocky precipices. By means of machinery, the figures of men and women were seen to move, and the ruffling action of the water, with even its flashing in the sunlight, was admirably represented.

Perhaps the most interesting and wonderful exhibition was that which was got up last summer, consisting of a field of artificial ice, made of crystal salts, principally soda; and having not only the glassy look, but the slippery effect of real ice. The Skating Club of London were invited to try it, and they pronounced it excellent. Accordingly, the exhibition was opened in mid-summer, and the spectators, sitting in an atmosphere of eighty degrees, could be amused with seeing a party of skaters before them, gliding about with all the activity and ease attending such a display in winter. In order to render the illusion more perfect, and the scene more picturesque, the surrounding scenery consisted of snow-capped hills and mountains, bearing all the wild and savage aspect of the Alps in winter. The effect was admirable—the deception complete. The spectator, in July or August, coming from a view of Regent's Park, decked in all the gorgeous livery of summer, in the space of thirty seconds found himself transported to an Alpine scene in the season of the sternest winter. Before him was an icy lake, and skaters were gliding over its surface; while the distance displayed all the chill and ghastly features of Switzerland, in January.

Such a transition was almost a realizing of the tricks which fancy sometimes plays us in dreams, and shows us the admirable power of human art. It shows us that in a great city, where the people

are cut off from the pleasures of country life—of pleasant scenery, and fine walks among the fields—that they still contrive by their ingenuity, to rival, if not surpass, the combinations of nature herself.

True Stories.

THE DUKE OF LUXEMBURG. This illustrious man, on his death-bed, declared that he would then much rather have had it to reflect upon "that he had administered a cup of cold water to a poor worthy creature in distress, than upon all the battles in which he had conquered." All the sentiments of worldly grandeur vanish in that unavoidable moment, which decides the eternal state of man.

SABBATH-BREAKING. A man by the name of Moore, who was executed for burglary some years ago, in England, addressed the spectators in the following words:—"My friends, you have come to see me die. I would advise you to take warning by my fate. The first beginning of my ruin was Sabbath-breaking; it led me into bad company, and from bad company to robbing gardens and orchards, and finally to house-breaking, which has brought me to this place. Many of you are young, and in an especial manner I warn you to beware of Sabbath-breaking."

PRIDE MUST FALL. When Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose;"—man proposes, but God disposes; to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian

lady, hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature, thus with impunity, to usurp his prerogative." It happened just as the lady had predicted. Bonaparte's invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

PROFANITY. The famous Dr. Johnson never suffered an oath to go unrebuked, in his presence. When a libertine, but a man of some note, was once talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths,—Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing; Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." The gentleman swore again, and Johnson indignantly quitted the room.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE. An honest, industrious countryman, in England, had often been brought, by want of employment, into very straitened circumstances; but still he experienced, as he thought, many interpositions of Providence in his favor. In conversing once on the subject of God's taking care of his people, the man observed, "It is very easy to talk of trusting in God with plenty of provision in the house and money in the pocket; but I do not call that *trust*! I call it *ready money*."

A WORD IN SEASON. A pious physician once told a very troublesome patient that it was absolutely necessary he should be bled, to which, however, the man had the strongest objection. Upon hearing this, he sprang up in his bed, and exclaimed impatiently, "God bless my soul." The doctor said solemnly—"Amen." The patient was exceedingly struck by the word, thus uttered: he became quiet and said, "Doctor, you have turned into a prayer, what I meant only

as an exclamation; you may do with me what you like." What a striking illustration of the text, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

A DELICATE REBUKE. As the Reverend Mr. H. was travelling in company with some gentlemen who had accidentally joined him on the road, one of them who was very much given to ridiculing ministers of the gospel, after he had proposed several insulting questions, addressed him thus: "I suppose you are a preacher, sir." "I am, sir," was the reply. "And pray, sir," said the scoffer, in a swelling manner, "what do you preach to the people?" "Why, sir," replied Mr. H., "I sometimes admonish my hearers to avoid foolish and impertinent questions." The company could not refrain from laughing; they commended the preacher for his seasonable reply, and Mr. H. was no more troubled by his unpleasant companion.

POWER OF KINDNESS. A Grecian, named Arcadius, was constantly railing against Philip, of Macedon. Venturing once into the dominions of Philip, the courtiers suggested to their prince that he had now an opportunity to punish Arcadius for his past insults, and to put it out of his power to repeat them. The king took their advice, but in a different way. Instead of seizing the hostile stranger and putting him to death, he dismissed him, loaded with courtesies and kindness.

Some time after Arcadius's departure from Macedon, word was brought that the king's old enemy had become one of his warmest friends, and did nothing but diffuse his praises, wherever he went. On hearing which, Philip turned to his courtiers, and asked, with a smile, "Am not I a better physician than you?"

GOOD FOR EVIL. Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied, "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

FORGIVENESS. In a school in a town in Ireland, an instance occurred some time since, in the master's accidental absence, of one boy being provoked to strike another, which was, of course, considered a serious ground of complaint. On hearing the accusation stated, the master came to the determination of punishing the culprit; when, to his great surprise, the injured boy came forward and earnestly begged for the pardon of the offender. The inquiry was made, why he should interfere, or wish to prevent so just an example. To which he replied, "I was reading in the New Testament lately, that Jesus Christ said we must forgive our enemies; and I forgive him, and beg he may not be punished for my sake." Such a plea, under such circumstances, and urged too by a child who manifested a conscientious regard to the commands of Christ, was too powerful to be resisted. The offender was, therefore, pardoned, and it is almost needless to add, the parents of the boy, and indeed many others, were highly delighted at hearing of the interesting circumstance.

PUNCTUALITY IS BUT HONESTY. A committee of eight ladies, in the neighborhood of London, was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came hurrying in with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. It had passed away without her being aware of its being so late. &c. A Quaker lady present said,

"Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but here are seven beside thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven eighths of it was not thine own property."

CALMNESS. Socrates having received a blow upon the head, observed, that "it would be well if people knew when it was necessary to put on a helmet." On another occasion, being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed that "that man has not been taught to speak respectfully." How much might Christians learn from this heathen.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH." A Christian man, who was hated by one of his neighbors for his religion, was once attacked by him with abusive words, at his own door. He bore for a time the violence of the other's language, who called him all the ill names he could think of. When, at length, he ceased, being exhausted with passion; the other meekly, but kindly and sincerely replied to him, "Will you come into my house and take some refreshment?" This was too much. The enemy was softened—he was overcome with this Christian conduct, and burst into tears. This was indeed a triumph.

LINNÆUS. The celebrated Linnæus always testified in his conversations, writings, and actions the greatest sense of God's omniscience. He was, indeed, so strongly impressed with this idea that he wrote over the door of his library—"Live innocently; God is present."

"TRUTH HATH A QUIET BREAST." When Swift was one day coolly and

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calmly arguing with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute; one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well—"The reason," replied the dean, "is this—I have truth on my side."



The Love of Nature.

LET me talk with pretty flowers,
O'er the earth growing,
Through the lovely meads and bowers,
Everywhere blowing.

Let me talk with pretty birds,
Joyfully winging;
Listen to their merry words
While they are singing.

Let me talk with gentle lambs,
Frisking and prancing
Round and round their happy dams,
Skipping and dancing.

Let me talk with summer clouds,
Hear their gay story,

Creeping to the west in crowds,
Sparkling with glory.

Let me talk with mid-day's light,
Now proudly gleaming;
Whisper to the stars at night,
When softly beaming.

Let me talk with streams and floods,
Winds o'er them flying;
Let me talk with hills and woods,
Echoes replying.

Let me kneel to HIM, who lives
Throughout all Nature—
Life and joy, and beauty gives,
To every creature.

True Stories of the Young.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY. A little girl was once passing a garden, in which were some pretty flowers. She wished much to have some of them; she could have put her hand between the rails, and picked some, and perhaps nobody would

have seen her. But she knew this would be very wicked; it would be stealing. So, after thinking a little while, she resolved what she would do. She went to the mistress of the garden, and asked her very prettily to give her some of those nice flowers. The lady told her she had done right not to take them, and then

showed her another garden full of plants and flowers, and gathered her a fine large nosegay.

Now, if this little girl had taken the flowers without leave, she would have been very unhappy; and if her mother had asked her how she came by them, she would most likely have told a lie to hide her first fault. And how uncomfortable she would have been at night, when she lay down and prayed to that great Being who has said, "Thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

DR. WATTS WHEN A CHILD. When Dr. Watts was very young, and before he could speak plain, he would say to his mother, when any money was given to him, "A book, a book, buy me a book." He began to learn Latin at four years of age. When about seven or eight years old, his mother desired him to write her some lines, as was the custom with the other boys, after the school hours were over, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. Isaac obeyed, and presented her with the following couplet:

I write not for a farthing, but to try
If I your farthing writers can outvie.

OBEDIENCE. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and on particular occasions, he would take it out and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father."

THE ART OF LOVE. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little daughter how it was that everybody loved her. "I do not know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

A FINE EXAMPLE. Louis, Duke of Burgundy, was a pattern of filial obedience. It was never necessary to threaten or punish him, in order to make him do his duty. A word, or even a look

was sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother seemed displeased with him, or spoke to him less kindly than usual. On such occasions, he would often weep, and say to her, clasping his little hands, "Dear mamma, pray do not be angry with me; I will do what you please."

A CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER. A venerable minister in New Hampshire, lodging at the house of a pious friend, observed the mother teaching some short prayers and hymns to her children,—“Madam,” said he, “your instructions may be of far more importance than you are aware. My mother taught me a little hymn when I was a child, and it is of use to me to this day; for, I never close my eyes to rest without first saying,

‘And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.’”

SOUND ARGUMENT IN A CHILD. A little boy, upon asking his mother how many gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother, “Why one to be sure.” “But how do you know that?” replied the other. “Because,” said the little boy, “God fills every place, so that there is no room for any other.”

HEATHEN IDOLS. A mother was once describing to her little son the idols which heathen nations worship as gods. “I suppose, mamma,” said the boy, “that these heathen do not look up to the same sun, moon and stars that we do.” “Yes, my dear, they do.” “Why, then,” said he, “I wonder that they do not think there must be a better God than their idols!”

A CHILD REBUKES A MAN. A little boy belonging to a Sabbath school in

London, was taken by his uncle to walk one Sunday, when the school was over. The uncle, who was a thoughtless man, was anxious to buy something for the child; but little William had been often told how improper it was to buy or sell on the Sabbath day. "Come, Billy," said his uncle, "I'll buy you something, some apples or gingerbread; Aunt Mary's not here, and she'll not know anything about it." "Oh, but uncle," said the boy, "if Aunt Mary does not see it, God will, and it's very wicked."

WHY SHOULD NOT A NEGRO READ THE BIBLE? A few years ago, in the island of Jamaica, a child, who had been educated in a Sunday school, happened to see a negro mending his net upon the Sabbath day. The child immediately went up to him and said, "Do you not know that it is written in the word of God, 'Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day?'" "Now, massa," replied the negro, "if you bring de word of God, and read dat passage, I no mend my net on Sunday any more."

The child brought the Bible and read it; the negro laid aside his net, and going home to his wife said, "Oh, me nebber see such picaninny as dat; him tell me all about de word of God! I nebber can work upon de Sabbath again."

A CONSISTENT MOTHER. Some ladies having met at the house of a friend, the child of one of them was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a friend's house. The mother kindly reproved her,—"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother said firmly, "Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you."

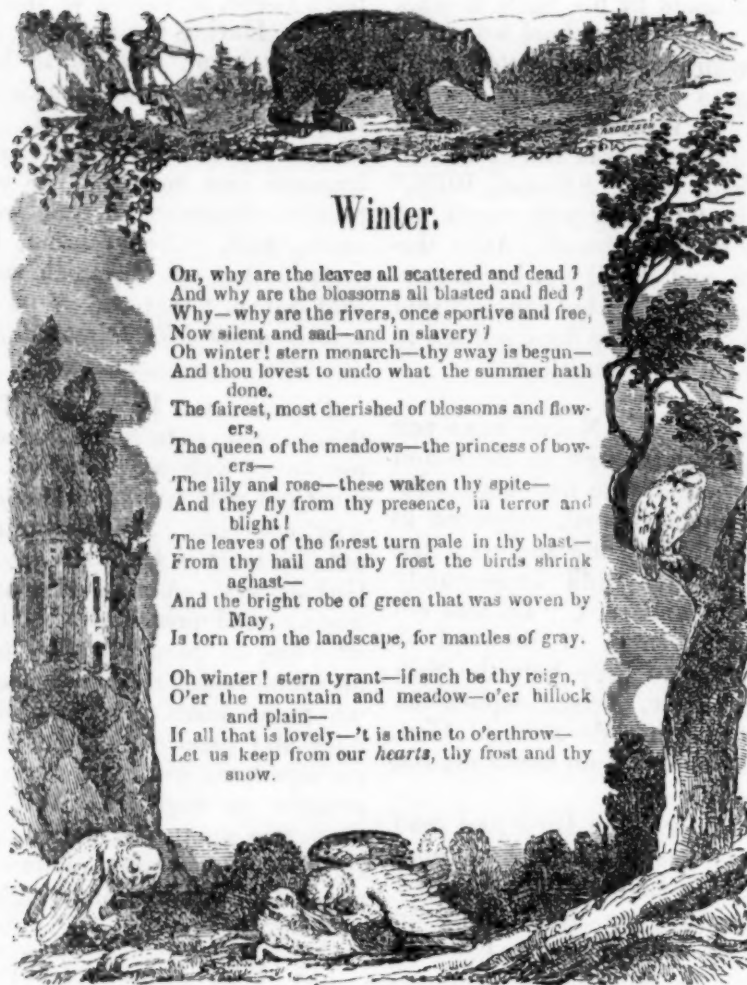
But not long after, Sarah did so again. When the company were about to separate the mother stepped into a neigh-

bor's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence, the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, said, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. *My mother never tells falsehoods!*"

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE. There is one thing always to be remembered, by young people as well as old ones. A person must not only have *good intentions*, but *good practice*. A person must not only put his trust in God, but he must do as God directs. A man who has no faith, has no good principle of action; a man who has no good practice, has no faith, no sound belief, no confidence in Him to whom he owes every blessing. Good faith and good works, therefore, always go together; good principles and good practice go together. We never find these two apart. A person never does right from a wrong motive; a person never does wrong from a right motive.

MR. POPE AND HIS LADY—A GAME.

Any number of boys and girls may engage in this game. It is played with a small round waiter, or plate, which being placed in the middle of the room, one of the little company twirls the waiter round with her thumb and finger, making it spin as long as she can, saying, as she takes it up, "By the leave of Mr. Pope and his lady." If the waiter falls down the wrong side upwards, the spinner pays a forfeit; and, sometimes, in the hurry of the moment, she forgets to say the proper words, in which case also she pays a forfeit, which forfeits are afterwards redeemed.



Winter.

Oh, why are the leaves all scattered and dead ?
And why are the blossoms all blasted and fled ?
Why—why are the rivers, once sportive and free,
Now silent and sad—and in slavery ?
Oh winter! stern monarch—thy sway is begun—
And thou lovest to undo what the summer hath
done.

The fairest, most cherished of blossoms and flow-
ers,

The queen of the meadows—the princess of bow-
ers—

The lily and rose—these waken thy spite—
And they fly from thy presence, in terror and
blight!

The leaves of the forest turn pale in thy blast—
From thy hail and thy frost the birds shrink
aghast—

And the bright robe of green that was woven by
May,
Is torn from the landscape, for mantles of gray.

Oh winter! stern tyrant—if such be thy reign,
O'er the mountain and meadow—o'er hillock
and plain—

If all that is lovely—'t is thine to o'erthrow—
Let us keep from our hearts, thy frost and thy
snow.

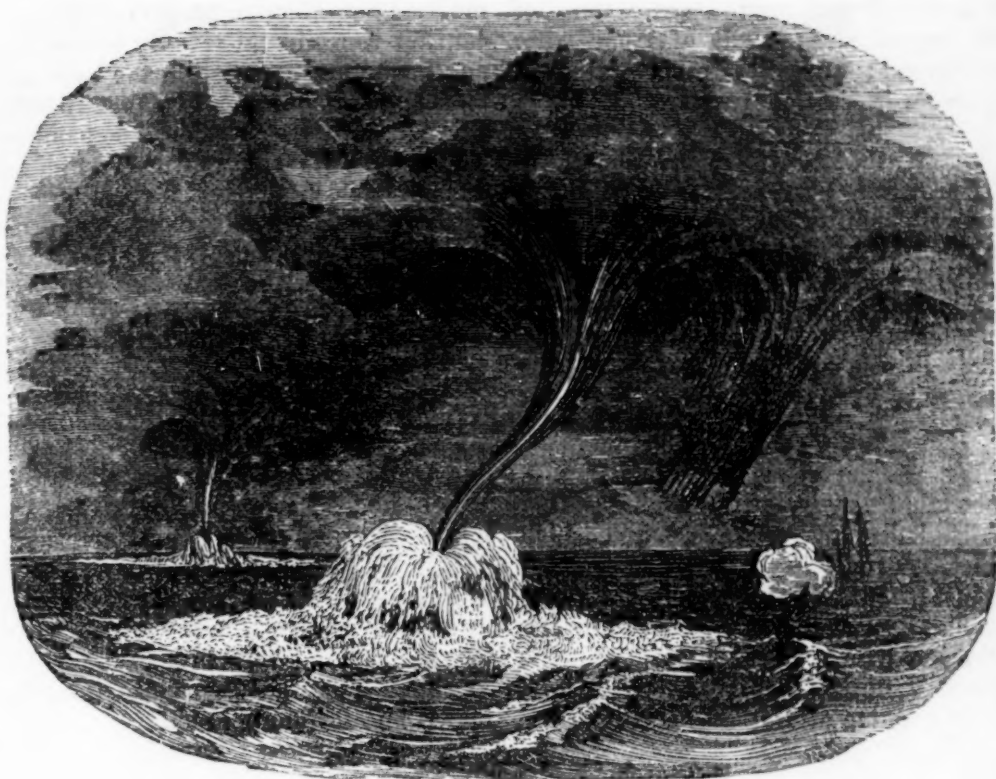
Smiles.

WEEP not at what the world can do,
Nor sorrow for its wrong,
But wear a smile upon thy brow—
It cannot harm us long ;
The cold contempt, the bitter scorn,
The hatred and the guile,
Will not feel lighter if we mourn ;—
Oh! then 't is well to smile.

Then smile at human vanity,
And smile at human pride,
And smile when men do flatter thee
And smile when they deride.

When some would do thee wrong, then smile,
And care not to condemn ;
When some with fairer looks beguile—
Why, have a smile for them.

Smile with the sunshine in his light,
Smile with the gem and flower ;
With all that 's fair, and pure, and bright,
Throughout life's fitful hour ;
And lift, in praise, thy smiling eyes,
And, smiling, breathe a prayer
To HIM who lives beyond the skies,
And smiles forever there.



The Water-Spout.

THE water-spout is a strange meteor, which has attracted a good deal of attention, but the causes of it are not entirely ascertained. Dr. Franklin's opinion was that a water-spout and a whirlwind proceed from the same cause; the only difference being that the latter passes over the land and the former over the water. This opinion is generally believed to be correct. It is supposed that opposing winds give a whirling motion to the air, which force up masses of water, and produce the phenomena to which we allude.

The engraving represents the appearance of a water-spout. This usually resembles an enormous speaking-trumpet in shape, the mouth end being near the top of the sea. The wind is com-

monly blowing first this way and then that, causing the spout to bend and writhe and move from one point to another. Beneath, where it nearly touches the water, the sea is agitated and covered with foam. Wo to the vessel that is assailed by one of these meteors! The usual defence at sea, is to fire a cannon shot into the whirling tube, which usually dispels it, and the water falls in a tremendous shower.

Upon land, a water-spout sometimes commits the most fearful ravages: attended both by a furious wind and torrents of water, it often spreads devastation over the country which it visits. In 1839, a considerable district upon the Seine, in France, experienced the most dreadful calamities from a water-spout.

It uprooted and carried away trees of the largest size; walls of stone were overturned; and tiles, roofs and even houses were carried away.

ECCENTRIC OLD MAID.—Mrs. Sarah Bedwell, spinster, at Woodbridge, died on the 15th ult., aged ninety. She was formerly housekeeper to Mrs. Doughty, and by her penurious habits had accu-

mulated considerable property. In a tin canister were found seventy sovereigns, and memoranda of cash in the bank and mortgages amounting to about 15,000*l*. She had in her possession 75 chemises, 30 bonnets, 25 silk gowns, four dozen damask table-cloths, and a chest of bed-clothes; and yet she expired, covered with merely a piece of old carpet, without a nightcap, and shockingly infested with vermin.—*Ipswich Express*.

"Beauty."

WE are not about to write a treatise upon that subtle, yet enticing thing which ladies love to possess, and which men all but worship. No; our business is, just now, to speak of a horse, bearing the name placed at the head of this article, and which, at the present time, is Queen Victoria's favorite for the saddle. He is a native of Barbary, and is of the

finest and most famous Arabian breed. When he was brought to market, the Emperor of Morocco offered as many dollars for him as he could carry—such at least is the story. But he was outbid by an English gentleman, who purchased the animal and sent him to the queen. We give a faithful portrait of this celebrated and fortunate beast.

The Elephant and Fox.

A FABLE.

I AM sorry to say, that a great many people listen with more pleasure to a lively tale that is full of cunning, wit, and scandal, than to a wise discourse, which teaches truth and inculcates virtue. This may be illustrated by the fable of the elephant and fox.

These two animals fell into a dispute, as to which had the greatest powers of persuasion; and, as they could not settle the matter themselves, it was agreed to call an assembly of the beasts, and let them decide it. These were accordingly summoned, and when the tiger, porcupine, dog, ox, panther, goat, and the rest of the quadruped family had all taken their places, the elephant began his oration. He discoursed very eloquently, upon the beauty of truth, justice, and

mercy, and set forth the enormity of falsehood, cunning, selfishness, and cruelty. A few of the wiser beasts listened with interest and approbation; but the leopard, tiger, porcupine, and a large majority of the audience, yawned, and showed that they thought it a very stupid piece of business.

But when the fox began to tell his cunning knaveries, they pricked up their ears, and listened with a lively interest. As he went on to relate his various adventures, how he had robbed hen-roosts and plundered geese and ducks from the poultry-yard, and how by various cunning artifices he had escaped detection, they manifested the greatest delight. So the fox went on sneering at the elephant and all others who loved justice,



truth, and mercy, and recommending to his listeners to follow the pleasures of thievery and plunder. As he closed his discourse, there was a loud burst of applause, and on counting noses, the majority was found to be in favor of the fox.

The assembly broke up, and some months passed away, when, as the elephant was quietly browsing in the woods one day, he heard a piteous moan at a little distance. Proceeding to the place from which the sound came, he there found the orator fox, caught in a trap, with both his hinder legs broken, and sadly mangled. "So," said the fox sharply, though he was nearly exhausted with pain, "you have come to jeer at me, in my hour of trouble." "Surely not," said the elephant. "I would relieve your pain if I could, but your legs are broken, and there is no relief for you, but in death." "True," said the fox, mournfully, "and I now admit the miserable folly of those principles which I have avowed, and the practice which resulted from them. I have lived a gay life, though even my gayety has been sadly shadowed, by perpetual fear of what has now come upon me. Had I been satisfied with an honest life and innocent pleasures, I had not thus come to a miserable end. Knavery, artifice, and cunning may be very good topics with which to delude those who are inclined to be vicious, but they furnish miserable rules to live and die by."—*Parley's Gift.*

The Vain Search.

My little reader, did you ever get lost in the woods? Perhaps not; but many children have. I knew a boy and a girl, named James and Fanny, who

lived upon the slope of a mountain, more than a mile from a village.

A large part of the space between their house and the village, was covered by forests; but these children were accustomed to go to school and to church through the woods, and their parents never felt any anxiety about them.

One morning, they set out to go to school; it was August, and the weather was warm and beautiful. In descending the mountain, they came to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a small blue lake.

This was surrounded by the forest, and seemed to be at no great distance. James had often seen it before, and wished to go to it, but, on the present occasion, he could not withstand the temptation to pay it a visit. Accordingly, he set out, having persuaded Fanny to accompany him.

They pushed on through the tangled woods for some time, in the direction of the lake, and at length supposed they must be very near to it, but on coming to a little eminence, and catching a glimpse of the blue water between the trees, it still seemed as distant as before.

They were not discouraged, however but again went forward for some time. At length Fanny said to her brother, that they had better return and go to school. James replied, that it was too late to get to school in season, and he thought the better way was to make a holiday of it. They would return home at the usual time, and their parents would know nothing about it.

"I don't like that plan," said little Fanny, "for our parents expect us to go to school, and if we do not go, we disobey them. Beside, if we spend the day in play, and say nothing about it, and let our parents think we have been at school, we deceive them, and that is as bad as telling a lie."

"Oh, nonsense!" said James; "we'll tell them we got lost, or something of the kind. Don't you be afraid. I'll manage that matter, so come along."

Little Fanny went forward, but she was sad at heart; and James, too, conscious of disobedience and deception in his heart, felt unhappy; but he put on a brave face, and sang, or whistled as he proceeded.

Again the two children came to such a position that they could see the little lake, and, strange to tell, it seemed about as far off now, as when they first set out to visit it.

The fact was, they had been deceived; for the lake was much farther than it appeared to be. They had already spent two hours in their attempt to reach it; and after some consultation, they concluded to give up their enterprise, and go back.

But now their task commenced. They had pursued no beaten path, and they had nothing to guide them in their return. The sky, which had been so clear in the morning, was now overshadowed with thick clouds. Uncertain of the course they ought to pursue, they still went forward, with trembling and anxious haste.

Coming at length to the foot of a cliff, they paused, being overcome with fatigue. James sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny. "We have lost our way, and shall never find our home again," said James. "We have lost our way, no doubt," said Fanny, "but I hope and trust we shall find our way out of the woods. This is come upon us, James, because of our disobedience."

"I know it, Fanny," said James; "but it was my disobedience, and not yours, and I am so unhappy because my wickedness has brought you into trouble; and beside, I intended to deceive our

parents. I cannot but wonder, now, that I should have thought of such a thing."

"Well, James," said Fanny, "let this be a lesson to us both; and now we must proceed, and try to find our way out of the wood." Accordingly, they went forward with great diligence; but having rambled about for nearly four hours, supposing all the time they were going toward their home, they came back to the very spot beneath the cliff, where they had sat down and rested themselves before.

They were now quite discouraged, and almost broken-hearted. They had picked some blue-berries in their rambles, so that they were not very hungry; but their fatigue was so great, that, after lying side by side upon the sloping bank, for a while, they both went to sleep.

It was about midnight, when Fanny awoke. She had been dreaming that she and her brother had wandered away, and got lost in the forest; that, overcome with fatigue, they had thrown themselves down on the earth at the foot of a cliff, and fallen asleep, and that they were awakened from their sleep by hearing the call of their father, ringing through the solitude.

It was at this point of her dream, that Fanny awoke. For a moment she was bewildered, but soon recollected where she was. She cast her eye about, and saw that no shelter was over her, but the starry canopy of heaven.

She looked around, and could see nothing but the ragged outline of the hills against the sky. She listened, and seemed to feel that the voice heard in her dream was a reality, and that she should hear it again. But she now heard only the solitary chirp of a cricket, and the mournful shivering of the forest leaves.

She sat some time, almost afraid to make the slightest noise, yet feeling

such a sense of desolation that she thought she must wake up her brother.

She was stretching out her hand for the purpose of waking him, when she seemed to hear the call of her father, as she had heard it in her dream. She listened intently, her little heart beating with the utmost anxiety.

She waited for several minutes, when, full and clear, at no great distance, she heard her father call, "James?" The little girl sprang to her feet, and screamed, with all her might, "Here, here we are, father!" James was soon awakened, and, with some difficulty, the father came down the cliff, and clasped his children in his arms.

I need not say that this painful adventure was remembered by James and Fanny long after they had ceased to be children; and they were both accustomed to say, that it was of importance to them through life, in impressing upon them the necessity of obedience to parents, and the wickedness of all attempts to deceive them.

Let me remark to my youthful readers, that if pleasure ever tempts them to forsake the path of duty, I hope they will remember, that, like the blue lake, which seemed so beautiful and near to the eyes of our little wanderers, and which was yet inaccessible to them, it will probably disappoint their efforts to obtain it.—*Parley's Gift.*

Varieties.

JUNIPER. The ancients consecrated this shrub to their gods. The smoke of its branches was the incense which in preference they chose to offer to their gods, and burnt its berries on funeral occasions to drive away evil spirits. The simple villagers of England superstitiously believe that the perfume of its berries purifies the air, and protects

them from the malevolence of evil spirits.

The Chinese delight to decorate their gardens with this plant. It is commonly found growing wild on the outskirts of woods and forests, where it often affords a safe retreat for the hare when pursued by the hounds. The strong odor it exhales is said to defeat the keen scent of the dog. Its branches, bristling with thorns, are covered with thousands of brilliant insects, which seem to imagine this tree is provided as a protection for their weakness.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS. The word "vespers" in the Romish church means *evening song*, answering to evening prayers. The Sicilian Vespers denote a famous era in French history, 1282, being a general massacre of all the French in the island of Sicily, to which the first toll that called to vespers was the signal. The number destroyed was about 8000.

A TOURNAMENT is a martial sport or exercise which the ancient cavaliers used to perform, to show their bravery and address. It is derived from the French word *tourner*, to turn round, because, to be expert in these exercises, much agility, both of horse and man, was necessary. Tournaments made the principal exercises of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but being at length productive of mischievous consequences, the princes of Europe gradually discouraged and suppressed them.

THE laurel-leaved Magnolia is a splendid evergreen tree, rising in its native country to sixty feet or more, but with us scarcely exceeding thirty or forty feet. The leaves grow from eight inches to one foot long, in form not unlike those of the common laurel; the flowers are white, of a large size, and emit a pleasant fragrance.

"Of what use are all your studying and your books," said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist. "They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month, than you can do with your books and papers in one year."

"What plough does your son use?" said the artist quietly.

"Why he uses ——'s plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labor, and raise three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern."

The artist turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer the drawing of his much-praised plough, saying with a smile, "I am the inventor of your favorite plough, and my name is ——."

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand; and invited him to call at the farm-house, and make it his home as long as he liked.

THE Chevalier Bayard was a distinguished French warrior. He was mortally wounded in a battle at Marignan. He ordered his attendant to place him against a tree, with his face to the enemy. While in this situation, the constable of Bourbon, who was fighting against his country, came up to him and expressed his regret that his wounds were mortal. "Do not pity me," said the dying Chevalier; "it is not I who am to be pitied, but you, who are bearing arms against your king, your country and your oath." This brave and good man died in the year 1524, aged fifty years.

SUPERSTITIONS. In the country villages in England, there are many superstitions. Thousands believe that the howling of a dog denotes death; that

pigs can see the wind; to put on your stocking wrong side out, is a sign of good luck; and bubbles in your tea tell that you will be rich; when your cheek burns, some one is supposed to be talking of you; when your ears glow, they are telling falsehoods about you; if your nose itches, you will be vexed; if your right eye itches, you will have good luck; should your left itch, it will be bad. It is unlucky to meet a person who squints; if you meet one magpie, it denotes sorrow; two, brings luck; three, a wedding; and four, death. To spill salt is to bring sorrow upon yourself; and horse shoes are nailed at the thresholds of doors to keep out the witch. To lend a friend a knife or scizzors is to cut friendship.

THE CICADA. This insect, so greatly praised by the ancients, appears to have been a kind of grasshopper. "Sweet prophet of the summer," says Anacreon, addressing it, "the muses love thee, Phœbus himself loves thee, and has given thee a shrill song;—thou art wise, earthborn, musical, impassive, without blood—thou art almost like a God!" So attached were the Athenians to these insects, that they used to fasten golden images of them in their hair. They were regarded, indeed, by all as the happiest, as well as the most innocent of creatures. The sound of this insect and of the harp were called by one and the same name. There is a story among the ancients, of two rival musicians, who were striving to excel each other on the harp, when one of them unfortunately broke a string; a cicada at that moment flew upon the instrument, and supplying the place of the string, secured to him the victory. A cicada sitting upon a harp, was therefore the usual emblem of the science of music among the ancients.



Imagination.

MR. MERRY,—

Will you be so kind as to tell us, in your next number of the Museum, what Imagination is?—and you will oblige

Your subscriber,

JAMES ———

To be sure I will, with all my heart, Master James. But first look at the picture at the head of this article. It represents a scene in a garden, during the summer. The trees and shrubs are covered with leaves: many of the plants are in bloom, and the little group of children are gathered around a tuft of pinks, upon which they are pouring some water. You look at the picture, and fancy that you actually see such a scene as it presents.

And now go to the door, and look abroad. Behold, it is winter! The leaves are actually stripped from the trees; the green grass is withered; the blossoms are blighted and dead. The garden is frozen and rough, and not a flower is there to enliven its sullen aspect.

The scene thus suggested by the

picture,—that scene in the mind, so beautiful and bright—so like the joyous, sweet realities of summer—was but a sort of dream. That magic power which painted it, we call Imagination,—or Fancy. It is a power which can present the loveliest scenes to the eye of the mind, and make them seem like truth, while yet they are only fleeting visions, passing away as lightly as they came.

Imagination can bring us its flowers, though it be winter, and all around us is wrapped in a chill mantle of snow. Though it be night, imagination can paint to the mind the fairest and brightest scenes of day. Though we may be in Boston, imagination may transport our thoughts to Rome, or London, or Jerusalem, or Persia, and for a time we may seem to be there.

Imagination, then, is like a painter who sketches unreal scenes so distinctly as to make them seem like reality. It is a power so captivating that it often leads us to act upon what is illusory and deceptive.

You have heard of persons who walk in their sleep. They are dreaming

something, and they go forth, under the influence of their dream. They fancy that they see what they do not see, and are to do what they cannot perform. These sleepwalkers are persons who are led away by dreams: and all who give themselves up to the guidance of imagination, are like sleepwalkers,—misled by dreams.

While the imagination is, therefore, a wonderful power of the mind, and

capable of affording great delight, we should be careful to keep it within due bounds. It is a good servant, but a dangerous master. If we indulge imagination in picturing what is good, and beautiful, and virtuous, and happy—we do that which is at once useful and pleasing: but if we indulge it in portraying what is vicious, and vain, and hurtful, we are likely to be led into some fatal pit of ruin.



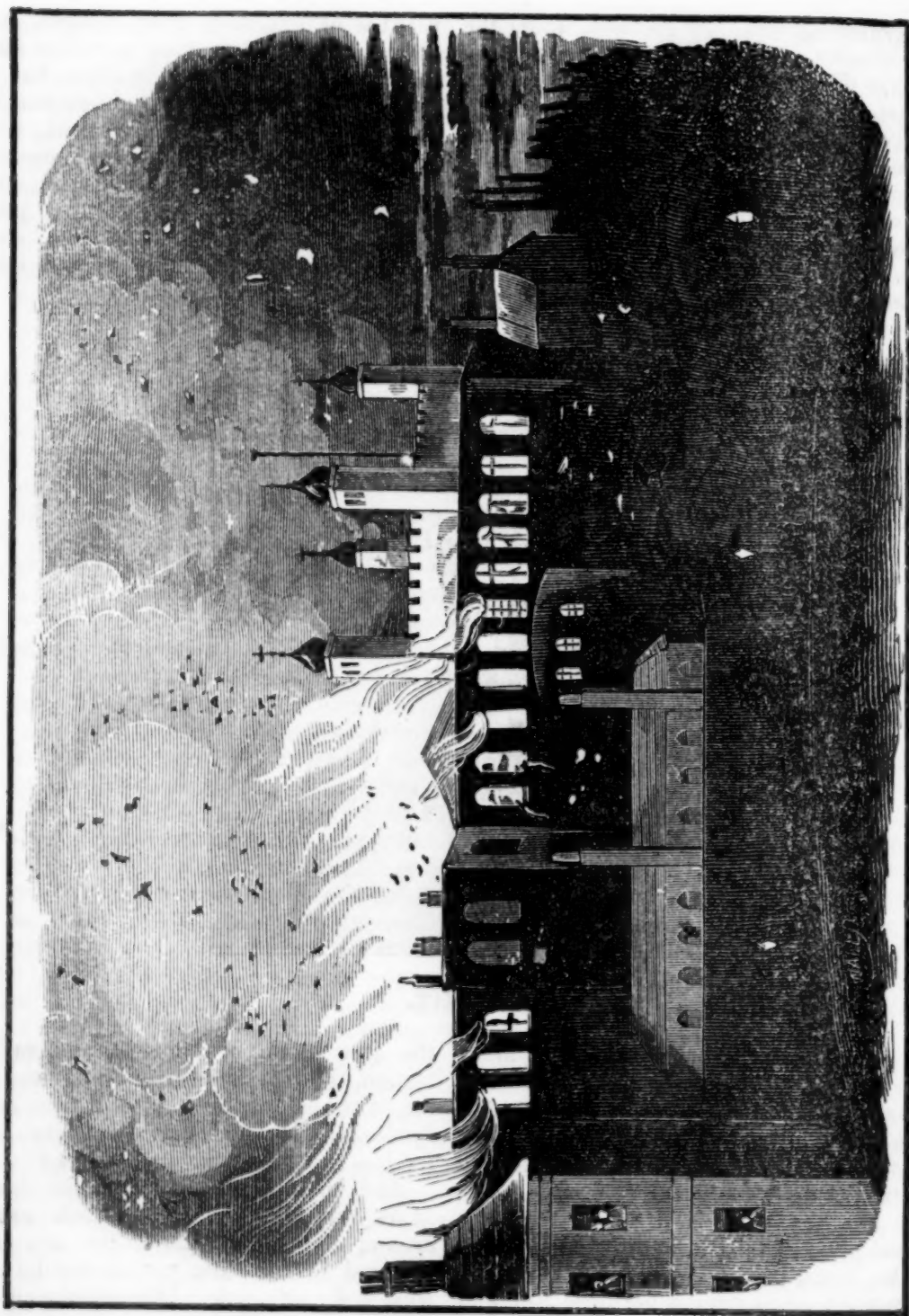
Sister.

WHAT word in our language is more beautiful than *sister*? And why is it so beautiful? Because it brings with it so many pleasant ideas. Can any one look at the engraving, and not feel the truth of this?

See the elder girl, taking the little one upon her back, to carry her across the brook! See with what care she puts her arms around her little feet, and poises her on her shoulders. See, too,

the true smile of affection and satisfaction, the real bliss, upon her face, in the exercise of this act of care and kindness. Do you not see there the force of that beautiful word, *sister*?

And the infant too—look at that! Mark the clinging of the little arms around the neck! mark the anxiety pictured in the face, yet softened into trust and confidence. Does not the child feel the meaning of that word, *sister*?



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Burning of the Tower of London.

THE Tower of London is one of the greatest curiosities in that famous city. It stands on the north bank of the river Thames, in the eastern part of the city. It consists of several buildings, erected at various times, all enclosed by a high wall, on which cannon are mounted. The wall encloses twelve acres of ground. The middle building is at once the oldest and tallest of the group: it is a large quadrangular structure, with a number of large rooms, and having a tower at each corner. This is called the White Tower, and measures 116 by 96 feet, and is 92 feet high.

Connected with this great building, are the grand storehouse, ordnance office, jewel office, and the chapel, beside many other edifices. In the chapel lie the remains of many celebrated persons, who have been executed here or who died in prison. Among the rest, are Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate; Katherine Howard, the guilty; Essex, the brave but rash favorite of queen Elizabeth. ●

The tower of London was begun by Edward III., in the thirteenth century, by the construction of the white tower. It was designed as a royal palace, and as such was occupied for a time. In the time of Henry VIII., it had acquired a horrid celebrity as a state's prison. Here many persons have been incarcerated for years by the government; and it is curious to remark, that many of those who have even perished by the axe in this prison, are now regarded as among the greatest and best of mankind. In the dungeons which are beneath the white tower, it is said that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his celebrated history of the world.

The whole of the white tower may be termed a storehouse, at the present day. It contains many thousand stand of arms, all kept in perfect order, and beautifully arranged; vast military stores, beside a

multitude of papers and documents in what is called the round office.

The armories in the tower consisted of three vast collections, viz., the "*Horse Armory*," "*Queen Elizabeth Armory*," and the "*Small Arms Armory*." The two first are collections of ancient armor; and though chiefly kept as objects of curiosity, they are exceedingly interesting. Here are to be seen almost every kind of armor, from the earliest period of English history.

The horse armory is kept in a building erected for the purpose in 1825. Queen Elizabeth's armory is kept in an edifice recently erected for the purpose. The Small Arms armory was kept in a splendid building, called the grand storehouse, begun by James II., and finished by William III. It was this vast structure which was burnt to the ground on the night of Oct. 30th, 1841. The engraving represents the building on fire in the foreground, with the turrets of the white tower a little in the distance.

This awful conflagration originated accidentally from an over-heated stove-pipe. It burst forth near the middle of the night, and from its elevated position and the vastness of the pyramid of flame, it wrapped the whole of London in a glow of light, and aroused its mingled population with the most intense feeling of interest. "The tower is on fire! the tower is on fire!" rung through every street and lane and archway, sending a thrill of mingled sublimity and fear to every heart.

There is probably no one object in London better known than the tower. It is associated in every mind with some of the darkest transactions in English history. Here the young princes were murdered by Richard III. Here Mary of Scotland was executed. Here, too, every one had been to see the vast displays of armor; the trophies won by Wellington, Nelson, and other heroes, in a thousand battles;

the gorgeous jewels of the crown; the menagerie, with its lions, tigers, and other animals of foreign lands. What must, then, have been the emotions excited, when the midnight cry, which announced its destruction, rang through the city, and when the ruddy light of its flames gushed in at every window?

When the fire was first discovered, it appeared as though the whole collection of buildings must be destroyed: but by great efforts the flames were checked, and only the grand storehouse was burnt. This, however, was reduced to a heap of ashes, and with it have been destroyed all those vast stores of arms, and the many triumphant mementos of England's prowess by land and sea, which have so long rendered it an object of surpassing interest. It contained, on the ground floor, a most extraordinary train of artillery. There were cannon and great engines of war, of almost every nation, and of every age, from the time of the invention of gunpowder down to the present day. Many of them were associated with England's most glorious military and naval triumphs; others with the names of her greatest commanders, and most illustrious sovereigns. They presented an exhibition as curious to the engineer as interesting to the patriot, and such a one as no country but Great Britain could boast of; but she can boast of it no longer.

On the first floor was the splendid room, known as the "Small Armory," and one of the grandest apartments in Europe. It contained, exposed to view, and in cases, nearly 150,000 stand of arms. The whole of this building, with the exception of the bare shell, is in utter ruins, its contents blended together in one mass of destruction.

"He who a *watch* would wear, two things must do:

Pocket his watch, and *watch* his pocket too."

The Gleaner.

GOOD MORNING.

THE eagle on its rocky height,
He knows the hour of waking,
And waves his pinions in the light,
The midnight dew off-shaking:
And I must shake off sleep and sloth,
Since rosy day is dawning,
And even as the eagle doth,
Will wish the world good morning.

The rose-bud in her woven bow'r
Atwixt the leaves is peeping,
And bares her bosom more and more,
For 'tis no hour for sleeping:
Then is it meet that I repose,
When such as these give warning?—
I'll look abroad as doth the rose,
And wish the world good morning.

SAGACITY OF A CAT. It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbors, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trowsers, and endeavored to pull him towards the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms, and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather.

Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding-place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shop-keeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by

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inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most probably saved the premises from being robbed, and its master, perhaps, murdered.—*Stockport paper.*

COFFEE. The discovery of coffee, according to the Oriental writers, took place towards the close of the thirteenth century; and, like most other discoveries of importance, it is attributed to chance. An Arab chief, the Scheik Omar, was flying from the pursuit of his own tribe. Having, with a small body of his adherents, taken refuge in the mountainous part of the province of *Yemen*, all ordinary means of sustenance failed them. In his extremity, perceiving a coffee-bush, the famishing chief essayed to gnaw the berries; but finding them too hard for mastication, he hit upon the expedient of boiling them—drank the decoction—found himself not only refreshed but invigorated both in mind and body; and from him the virtue of the precious berry afterwards became famous throughout the world. But with all its claims to notice, it required upwards of two hundred years for coffee to make its way to general appreciation. Like a prophet in his own village, it long remained slighted and neglected by its own native land. Three centuries elapsed from the date of its first discovery before the use of coffee, as a beverage, was generally adopted in the neighboring state of Egypt and in Turkey; whilst in Europe, as we all know, the introduction of the sober berry is, comparatively of but modern date.

MOTION. The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times an hour. This is 411,840 a day, 150,424,560 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will

run, with care, 100 years. In this case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times!

The watch is made of hard metal; but I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm—yet it will beat more than 5000 times an hour, 120,000 times a day, and 43,830,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,600,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other; but it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body, you can feel it beat; it is—your heart!

ANECDOTE OF LORD KENYON. Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed master of the rolls he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who was reading to him, in the presence of a number of gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyance of an estate, and on coming to the word "enough," he pronounced it "*enow*." "Hold! hold!" said his honor, immediately interrupting him, "you must *stand* corrected. Enough is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced '*enuff*,' and so must all other English words which terminate in 'ough,' as, for example, tough, rough, &c." The clerk bowed, blushed, and proceeded for some time; when coming to the word "*plough*," he, with a loud voice, and penetrating look at his honor, called it "*pluff*." The great lawyer stroked his chin, and with a smile candidly said, "Young man, I *sit* corrected."

CARRIER PIGEONS, A. D. 1099. The secret of turning to account the peculiar

instinct of these birds would appear to have been known and practised in the east at an early period. Maimbourg, in his history of the crusades, relates a curious anecdote on this subject:—"As the Christian army continued its march, by the narrow passage which is between the sea and Mount Carmel, they saw a dove, which, having escaped from the claws of a bird of prey, who had let go his hold at the great noise made by the soldiers, fell half dead at their feet. There was found, tied beneath his tail, a small scroll of paper, in which the emir of Ptolemais wrote to the emir of Cæsarea, to do all the harm in his power to the army of dogs who were about to pass through his territories, as he, more easily than the former, could hinder their passage."

POWER OF MUSIC. Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans, relates that Sultan Amurath, having besieged Bagdad and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had yielded and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician, who besought the executioner to spare him one moment that he might speak to the emperor. He appeared before the sultan and was permitted to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltery, which resembles a lyre, and has six sides, and accompanied the sounds of the instrument with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath; its pathetic and exulting sounds melted even Amurath, who suffered the musician to proceed, till, overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed from his eyes, and he revoked his cruel orders. Influenced by the musician's powerful talent, he not only ordered the lives of the prisoners to be spared, but restored them to liberty.

COLERIDGE. Coleridge was very fond of music, and he has left us an interesting remark or two upon it:—"An ear for music," he observes, "is a very different thing from a taste for it. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's, which had just been performed. I said, 'it sounded to me like nonsense verses;' but I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven followed."

INSTINCT. Smellie mentions a cat, which, being confined in a room, in order to meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable, and raise the lid of the corn-chest—things which must have been learnt by himself from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken to grass in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do.—*Lord Brougham.*

A LONG CHIMNEY. The largest chimney in the world is at the Soda Ash Manufactory of James Musprat, near Liverpool. It is the enormous height of 406 feet above the ground, 45 feet diameter inside at the base, 9 feet ditto at the top; and contains nearly 4,000,000 bricks.

When Donatello, an Italian sculptor, had put his last finishing touch to his bust of Byron, he cried out to it—"Speak!"

Metals.

"THAT thimble, Henry, which you are looking at, and think so pretty, is made of silver. Silver is dug out of the earth, and so are all metals. There are a great many metals: I will tell you the names of some of them, but I cannot tell you all. Gold is metal; so is silver, iron, lead, copper, tin, brass, and a great many more. Some are pure metals, that is, not mixed together. Gold is considered the most valuable. Silver is also valuable; but I think we may consider iron the most useful; for what should we do without spades, shovels, rakes, ploughs, and many other things which are made of iron?"

"We should have no wheat, unless the earth was ploughed before the seeds were sown. We could not dig up the potatoes without a spade; we could have no fire in our rooms without a grate; besides, the saucepans are made of iron, which could not be made of any other metal. Gold and silver are also very useful. Spoons made of silver are pleasanter to use than iron ones would be. Gold is chiefly used for money and jewelry, although kings and many very rich people have their plate made of gold. Lead is very useful in building; the tops of houses are sometimes covered with lead, to prevent the rain from coming through. Water pipes are made of it; the point of my pencil is made of black lead."

"Is not your ring made of gold, mamma?"

"Yes, my ring and watch are both gold."

"And was that gold found in the earth?"

"Some gold is dug out of mines, but not all. Gold is sometimes found amongst the sand and mud at the bottom of rivers; it is found in very small grains and is collected by the people of

the place with much trouble and care. There is not much gold found in Europe; there is more found in America than in any other part of the globe, although a good deal is obtained in some of the rivers of France and Germany. Copper is more abundant in England than elsewhere, and there are mines of iron in most countries."

The Prussian Exercise; a Game for Children.

In this diverting little game, as many children as wish to play must kneel down beside one another, in a row. The corporal, as she is called, is placed at the head of the line, and the captain stands up in the manner of a captain of a company, and gives them words of command. These must be something ludicrous, such as telling them to pull their noses, slap their faces, clap their hands, cough, and things of that kind. All the little company must try to obey the word of command at the same time, as the real soldier obeys the order of his captain.

After various amusing manœuvres, the captain must tell them to "present arms." They all then raise their right arm and hold it straight out before them. The next order is to "fire." Here the corporal, who is in the secret, gives the little girl next her a sudden push, which sends her and all the other little people in the line, tumbling down one over the other. This is a very diverting game, and easy to be taught to very young children.

"If I were so unlucky as to have a stupid son," said a military man, "I would make him a parson." "You think differently from your father," said a by-stander.

Anecdotes of Bonaparte.

WHILST the French troops were encamped at Boulogne, public attention was much excited by a daring attempt at escape made by an English sailor. This person, having escaped from the dépôt, and gained the borders of the sea, the woods on which served him for concealment, constructed, with no other instrument than a knife, a boat, entirely of the bark of trees. When the weather was fair, he mounted a tree and looked out for the English flag; and having at last observed a British cruiser, he ran to the shore, with the boat on his back, and was about to trust himself in his frail vessel to the waves, when he was pursued, arrested, and loaded with chains. Everybody in the army was anxious to see the boat; and Napoleon, having at length heard of the affair, sent for the sailor, and interrogated him. "You must," said Napoleon, "have had a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark: I suppose you have a sweetheart there."—"No," said the sailor, "but a poor and infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see."—"And you shall see her," said Napoleon—giving at the same time orders to set him at liberty, and bestowing on him a considerable sum of money for his mother; observing, that she must be a good mother who had so good a son.

At the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in Egypt, Bonaparte had three aides-de-camp (or officers) killed in advancing with his orders to the same point. It was necessary to send a fourth. He had no officers near him but Eugene Beauharnais and Lavalette. He called the latter, and, without being overheard by the former, said to him, "Il faut y aller; je ne veux pas y envoyer cet enfant et le faire tuer si jeune; sa mere me l'a confie; vous, vous savez ce que

c'est que la vie."—Lavalette set off, and, contrary to every expectation, returned safe and sound.

During the tour of Napoleon and Maria Louisa in Holland, in 1810, the burgomaster of one of the towns which they visited caused the following inscription to be posted on the triumphal arch through which their Imperial Majesties were to pass:

"Il n'a pas fait une Sottise,
En epousant Marie-Louise."

Napoleon no sooner read the inscription, than he inquired for the burgomaster, and addressed him thus: "So, M. le Maire, they cultivate the French muses in Holland?"—"Sire," answered the burgomaster, "I write a few verses."—"Ah! you are the author, then," said the emperor: "here, do you take snuff? (presenting a snuff-box surrounded with diamonds) take this, and

Quand vous y prenez une prise,
Rappelez vous de Marie-Louise."

CATCHING RABBITS. Bacon says, "A company of scholars going to catch conies, carried one with them, which had not much wit, and gave in charge that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them; but he no sooner espied a company of rabbits than he cried aloud '*Ecce multi cuniculi*;' which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, 'Who would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?'"

Down to the reign of "Old Queen Bess," the greater part of the houses in fashionable London had no chimneys. The fire was kindled against the wall, and the smoke found its way out in the best manner that it could, at the windows, or at the door; but generally "reclined in blackness" in the room.